MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., DECEMBER 10, 1873.

Duniata Sentinel La and Republican.

Poetry. The Bachelor's Ungathered Roses.

One bright June more, while wandering out, Enjoying Summer's pleasures, spied a rose-bush, hauging full Of dewy, flowery treasures.
"Bloom on," I said, "oh, wild-rose through the The breeze shall tempt you from your hiding-place

Steals on, I'll come, my beauty, And in a ladies' fairy-bower, You'll soon be doing duty."

My task, that day, a pleasure seemed, Of Fancy's bells, in twilight hours, To me new joys kept bringing. "Ab, dainty rose," I said, "you little guess in whose white hands you'll lie for soft on ad I shall wish that I a rose might be. Beauty's breast to rest so lovingly !

How idle was my dreaming : My aweet, wild-rose was beaming Just so, I found, in Youth's glad morn,

maiden, sweet and loving ; usehold rose, of beauty rare Her life her pure heart proving "Ab! sweet, sweet lass," I said, "your artiess Will win more hearts than mine to speak your prai tach day new bloom and beauty will disclose

I'll claim my precious maiden ; And home's true joys shall cheer our lives,

hope Tife's bandons and its cares Its sewing and its reaping : t whispered oft, as on I tolled, "Her heart is in my keeping!" As thoughts of her the long, slow years beguiled ams we kissed, as Love's sweet hour dre-

And only dreams were left me! For while I toiled a stranger's love Of that sweet maid bereft me

Miscellany.

Overcoming Temptation.

One night at a late hour, Dr. Bently, well-known among the clergy of olden time, was disturbed at his studies by a He resumed his seat and recommenced his study. Shortly after, the same noise occurred, and on looking out a second time he saw a similar operation, the second time he saw a similar operation time he saw a similar operation, the second time he saw a similar operation time he saw a s woman filling her spron to its utmost capacity. When she had gone he returned to his book with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, dreary, not to say sinful manner. By-and-by he was startled by a crash of falling wood, and hurrying to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of somebody else to firt with. But I said to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the window with the closing hour, and to be very merciful, and to give the girl every chance.

And so we parted. I arose to say good-night, and came around the table to shake hands with Margaret Ann, when the wood with the closing hour, and to be very merciful, and to give the girl every chance.

wood, sawed and split, to Mrs.

but by no means to let her know from whom it came, which was readily promised. Mr. B.'s teamster, who happened to be within ear-shot, though out of sight, was not so bound, and when he tipped the wood into the poor widow's ward replied to her eager inquiry who.

"A few days after I found Margaret Ann in the office in a towering rage, with her face flaming.

"Richard." says she, "a woman is

and her sourow, and with deep humility and bitterness told him the temptation to which her extreme poverty had re-duced her of breaking the eighth com-

"Sir," she said, "though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor shivering little one, I could not keep it! I could not keep it! My oe would not let me!"

"Say no more, my dear madam," she.

said the good man. "I saw it all—I saw you conquer the devil in two fair fights."

she.

"Well," says I, "I suppose you used to kiss Ben after you were engaged, if not before?"

An Arabian fable narrates that an svil genius became enamored of the beautiful daughter of a bashaw of Bagdad. Finding her affections engaged, and that she would not listen to another wooer, the genius resolved in the state of and that she would not listen to another wooer, the genius resolved to revenge himself upon the maiden by mastering the soul of her lover. Having done so, he told her he would remove the malignant possession only on condition that she should give him her heart. She promised. The lover was restored, and the wicked spirit demanded the fulfilment of her word. She answered, "I would yield you my heart if I had it, but I have it not. One cannot give what one does not have. It is in another's keeping; it belongs to the man I adore. Ask him for it. If he will surrender it my compact shall be preserved. If he refuse you have no redress, for you cannot twice possess the same soul, and your allegiance to Amaimon compels you to abide by any covenant you may make with mortal."

The genius saw that he was foiled, and roaring with impotent rage, disappeared.

The daughter of the bashaw was a wise woman. She was a tactician.

The sospiel truth, and then—well, I didn't mind it; it didn't hurt me a bit—but that woman turned around and slapped me in the liace, she was so hopping mad.

"Such actions in a respectable store! You depraved brute!" says she, and marched out and didn't come back for a week, for which I was truly thankful.

When she did come she was all smiles and amiability; and she talked to Lilly and smiled at Sam, and she really did come out beautifully considering. Lilly took a great notion to her.

"What a nice pleasant lady Mrs. "Glad to hear it."

"Dear me!" she said, as we were folding things up that night; "and so pretty for her age! I think she is splendid.

"Glad to hear it."

"Dear me!" she said, with her head under the counter.

"Sister-in-law, you know," said I; "One of the family; it won't do to praise her too much."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of what you were saying!" said she. "I'm sure lived and the said and the same soul, and the said an

The daughter of the bashaw was a wise woman. She was a tactician. We man, by her tact, has always been able to control her brother, and exorcise the spirit of evil. The Eastern tale is the spirit of evil. The Eastern tale is ribbon tied to it. I can't think where

wasn't good-looking for her age and size. Then, too, she had a pretty penny left her. And she might have married well if she wanted to change her condition; but you see, Margaret Ann was a fool—she was a widow of forty—to set to see me. her cap for young Sam Spencer, who her cap for young Sam Spencer, who was only twenty-four. If I was her into the back parlor I found Margaret brother-in-law, and if Ben had said to Ann wrapped up in a shawl, her eyes me as he did, "Richard, always be kind to Margaret Ann." I couldn't belp seeing that. The fact of the matter is, "Yes," says she, "I'm afraid so. seeing that. The fact of the matter is, that, as a general thing, widows do make fools of themselves oftener than

In this case I admit the age was the only obstacle. Sam was a good young man, above selling himself to a woman money-bags. Sam was a clerk in the store. I was poor Ben's partner. I'd tried to buy the widow out. I said tried to buy the widow out. I said over and over again, "Margaret Ann, you have plenty and to spare, why not retire?" But you see she wouldn't. Ben had left his share of the furniture I mean the thousand dollor bank note over and over again, "Margaret Ann, you have plenty and to spare, why not retire?" But you see she wouldn't.

That is why she liked to sail about of it. It was your private money. the store in her dead black silk : that is why she was always finding some excuse to hand down that part of the stock he

had in hand, mixing everything up and giving him no end of trouble. "It is not!" I cried. "Besides, it never waited on a customer. She never did anything but bother and pry. She had no children to occupy her, and she brought her white poodle along with her. "So lonesome," she said she was, in the big house opposite; and that was why she had us come to tea so much of late.

"It is not!" I cried. "Besides, it was your money. You would be the prosecutor to any thief."

"Dear me, yes," says she, "and I'll let her go; but I must get it back, and she must leave the store."

"How can you think so ill of the gir!?" said I. "Why don't you sustant."

year. Big eyes at Sam, sweet smiles, "You are m soft peaches! I used to wonder whether Margaret Ann. old Ben knew how soon he had been forgotten. To be sure he was sixty when he died—a bald-headed, stoopshouldered man, with solemn ways about him; but she'd been his wife for the rooms—I'll be very kind, but I twenty-three years and though I'm a can't lose a sum like that." wenty-three years, and though I'm a can't lose a sum like that. bachelor I know what feelings ought to be. And Ben was my brother, too. I hope it wasn't wicked of me to make up the store again and searched the safe, time, was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood which, sawed and split for his study fire, had been left by the teamsters the afternoon previous; too late to be properly housed. He rose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away.

I knew that, but Margaret Ann had not same har to make up my mind to put an end to her capers, but the money was all gone. Margaret Ann had the number in her pocket-book. It was easy to identify, and besides the poor girl was in a suspicious position, and I said if she should prove guilty, my faith in human nature was gone.

onless, his gentle heart filled with niseration.

s swiftly departed and soon residual heavily laden with wood, which She swiftly departed and soon returned heavily laden with wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were indeed "the accursed thing." The doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. What she was, was no mystery to him. The last hour had plainly shown him her virtne's lofty height.

day. And she gave it to me in the private office I can tell you. She hated females about a store, and ashe didn't like Lilly's looks. I could laugh at her, however, there. I had good references with Lilly, and signed a written contract with her for six months. She was to be cashier, you know, as I told you. Margaret Ann couldn't help herself, and I suppose she knew it, for she said nothing after that, and Sam and Lilly were as happy as young birds, I be-He called early the next morning on Mr. B., the wood-dealer, and directed him to send a half cord of his best and I knew he was accepted.

tipped the wood into the poor widow's yard, replied to her eager inquiry who sent it, by relating the conversation he had overheard.

The conscience-stricken woman, feeling that her sin and her repentance in the lonely darkness of the midnight hour were known and understood by another heart besides her own, hastened without delay to the house of the benevolent man to express her gratitude.

"Richard," says she, "a woman is always right about another woman. Men admire a pretty face—so they are always blinded by it. It was always so with Mr. Wood. Many a time he's thought a woman everything that was splendid, until I proved that she wasn't by telling him things. Now I've found out about your Lilly Rathbone. She's exactly what I thought—exactly."

"Well, what is it?" says I.

"No better than she should be," says Margaret Ann. "I saw her kiss Sam Spencer behind the counter this blessed

and hallooed for help?" says I.
"You know what men are," says she
"of course he kissed her back." "Didn't he kiss her first?" says I. "Well, she let him, anyhow," says

was about like the other. Winter went

I don't say brother Ben's widow to the country, and trade was dull. And

so sorry!"
"Dear me! Do mention the fact 'Well," says she, "I can hardly bear to do so, but who has a chance at the safe besides you and me?"
"Nobody but Lilly Rathbone," says

to her, and she wouldn't drop it. After that I put in there in a red pocket-book "It's gone, Richard," says she. w me look into the safe to-day?"
"Yes," said I.

had in hand, mixing everything up and giving him no end of trouble.

You see I couldn't help it. The concern paid, and widow Wood owned just as much as I did. If I said, "Margaret Ann, go home," she could have said, "I've a right here." That was it. She never waited on a customer. She never was your money. You would be the "It is not!" I cried. "Besides, it "'It is not!" I cried. "Besides, it was your money. You would be the "'It is not!" I cried. "Besides, it "'It is not!" I cried. "Besides of the not not not not not not not no

went on for more than a doubtful character than she is."

"You are my brother-in-law," said Margaret Ann. "Now, listen to reason.

"Well," said Margaret Ann, "perhaps law, but we had not much appetite.

"Name them," said she. "I cannot

said L. "Glad to do it," said she.

be went on:

"We had a very interesting trial in Austin last week. Tom Carberry—Irish Tom, he is called—was tried for murder. I defended him, and never struggled harder for a client in my life. For a week before, and throughout the trial, I worked night and day to look up testimony, and to present the case to the jury in the best possible light. I consulted with all the attorneys not engaged for the prosecution. We got him off with three years in the penitentiary; but he ought not to have been acquitted."

The fellow-passenger queried as to The fired three shots days fired three shots days fired three shots days fred three shots days fred three shots days econds. Tom's third ball passed through Montana's heart, and he was dead before his head rebounded on the brick pavement. Carbourded this trial came off, although bail to any amount was further down. The search for things gets lively. Fleeces are getting plentier. I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but the man should have been acquitted; and he would have been acquitted; and he would have been but for one circumstance. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the burst of light like newly-washed school children, that are polished off with a crash towel. The lever is swung a little furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The faces of the clock-dials shine in the furnace doors' open faster and faster. The f

the circumstances attending the alleged murder, and the judge answered:

"They were very peculiar, and that is the reason why the trial was so very interesting. A woman up in Montana, who never saw Tom Carberry, thought that he had done her great wrong; and so, when she was asked, as the phrase is, to 'take up with a new man,' she "'Kill Tom Carberry, of Austin, Ne

man, said the Montana aspirant.
"'Nevertheless, said she, 'kill Tom "'It is the depth of winter,' was ob-

jected, and we are hundreds of miles from Austin. The journey cannot now be made.'
"'Kill him in the spring,' said the

"With the opening of travel in the spring there arrived at Salt Lake City, by the Montana stage, an individual who freely announced that he was on his way to kill Carberry. Salt Lake City is a long way from Austin, but the friendship of border men span much greater distances. Tom was quickly specified at No. 6 Shandwick Place, where the greater distances. Tom was quickly specified at No. 6 Shandwick Place, where the illustrious man was staying for the serily."

"Ay!" rejoined young hopeful, "but the man who lost it was up before you."

"My son," said the other worthy parent, "observe that its the early bird that catches the worm."

"I do, O my father," replied the excellent boy; "also that the worm was caught by getting up earlier than the limit of the serily." greater distances. Tom was quickly advised of the approach of his visitor,

"The answer was 'No, I left my revolver with the barkeeper o' the Exchange."
"Get it,' said Tom, 'I'll wait for you here."

My best wishes attend your journey, and with best compliments to Mr. Moscheles, "The Exchange was in a corner

inch in the handle and a piece of pink ribbon tied to it. I can't think where the spirit of evil. The Eastern tale is as true to-day as when it was written. Give woman half a chance with the devil will be outwitted. The argument of boxes, and poked down cracks in the floor. Lilly kept worrying about getting a locksmith to fit another before of Darkness out of his gloom, and turned his mockery and sacream to the funced his mockery and sacream to t

which prejudiced the court and jury
The fellow-passenger queried as to against him." 'What was the circumstance so pre-

judicial?" questioned the listener.

"The Montana chap was the fourth man Tom had killed in Austin," an-exhilaration of power in motion. swered the judge, innocently.

Moscheles's Visit to Sir Walter Scott.

the recently published diary and cor-respondence of Moscheles, the celerespondence of Mosc brated German poet:

The Moscheleses, on the occasion of this visit to Edinburgh, made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, in whom the reading world had discovered "the Great Unknown," and to whose intellectual eminence thousands upon thousands looked up with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

who came under the rebuke of vigilant fathers.

"My son," remarked one sire, "I

To the delight of Moscheles, Sir Walter sent an immediate answer to his early."

greater distances. Tom was quickly advised of the approach of his visitor, but he took no steps either to get out of the way or to be specially prepared to see company. He was then employed at the Keystone Mill, nine miles from and walked with a stick. Before we are the first support of the seed of the seed of the approach of his visitor, with his second, and unmarried daughter. 'He opened the door himself, says Moscheles, 'and welcomed us heartly; he was suffering from gout and walked with a stick. Before we were knew that he had delivered himself." at the Keystone Mill, nine miles from town, and he staid there nearly a whole week after he knew that the Montana pletely at home, and my wife's anticipated awe of the great man had entirely and his grace has been made to wear it vanished. We sat down to breakfast as if it were his own. "When a man and he didn't want to group good Scotch forwith, and a genuine good Scotch turns in bed, it is time for him to turn breakfast we had, served on handsome out," as the Duke of Wellington used oome in at once, and got the affair off their hands!"

The listener entertained doubts at this point, but saying nothing, the judge extremely animated and delightful; he understands German, and is thoroughly archibishops, and it was probably not a proceeded: "Saturday evening, just as usual with him, Tom came into the city, and after getting shaved and fixed up for his holiday, he went around to the saloons, where many of the people of the mining towns spend their leisure, to meet his friends. It wasn't long before he encountered the Montana fellow, who began at once, in Tom's hearing, to make insulting remarks."

understands German, and is thoroughly versed in our literature, and an enthus is astic worshipper of Goethe. He told us many anecdotes, but when he asked me, 'How do you like my consin, the piper?—you know we Scotch are all cousins'—I am afraid my answer must have done violence to his sense of music, which, by nature, was very limited. It was impossible for me to pretend to any enthusiasm for the bagpipes. Sir Wal-

of good-night, and came around the table to shake hands with Magnet Ange and the stands of the barrier, to make in shake hands with Magnet Ange and covered it, and the way of fitting, my contempts and the stands of the barrier, the make in the stands of the barrier, the way of the barrier and the stands of the stands of the barrier and the stands of the stands of

I am truly and respectfully yours,

"I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but still the man should not have been punishedhe should have been punishedhe should have been acquitted."

With these words the judge awoke to a consciousness that he had a fellowtraveler; and then, as if some explanation of his remark would be in order, he went on:

"We had a very interesting trial in the world to make a line-shot.

"We had a very interesting trial in a biject lying on the ground. Montana sheltered himself somewhat behind a low row of sacks of potatoes lying on the edge of the sidewalk, and partly behind a small awning-post. This last was a fatal error, for with a tall post for a mark it is the easiest thing in the world to make a line-shot.

"I am making a long story of the shooting, which in reality was very soon over. They fired three shots apiece in as many seconds. Tom's third slowly out from the smoke-stack. The

itself along sixty feet for every tick of the clock—as if you should walk twenty dinner!" Said one; "O yes the clock—as if you should walk twenty dinner!"

The London Athenaum says that the philosophy which urges the excellence of early rising has been very rudely and successfully shaken. Charles Lamb with the lamb as in the practice referred to in Moore's song, which recommends a lengthening of our days by taking "A few hours of the night, my dear!"
That philosophy was shaken in the early
days of the world by two sleepy children

found a piece of gold by rising

caught by getting up earlier than the

Youths' Column.

Wake, Little One, Wake. Wake, little one, wake!
The morning light doth break
O'er wood and dale, and hill and vale,
and over the placed lake.
The trees are clothed in gems of gold.
That sparkle in the light,
And all the gay buds that unfold.
Are filled with jewels bright.

please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do!" exclaimed one and another of a group of little ones, climb-ing around their father, as he sat rest

ing by the evening fire.
"Well, as I have 'nothing to do,' I suppose I must. What sort of a story

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again, as requested.

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New York State. If you look on your map now you will see towns and villages dotted about where then

there were scarcely any settlementsnothing but thick woods. "Bears in 'em?" asked a boy with wide open eyes.

mother would have liked to go and live "O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterwards, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now he need to tell me moral influence over its immates and

fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them. This man had built a saw-mill, some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day taking his dinner with him.

You have seen a saw-mill? You know its use is to saw hig heavy location the does not the man had been to be does not. When the does hit it he attributes it to him the same than the does hit it he attributes it to him the same than the does hit it he attributes it to him the same than the does hit it he attributes it to him the same than the same than

trunks of trees — into nice, smooth sagacity, but when he does not hit it he boards, to build houses with. at work all the morning at his mill, and sun's solarity. when it drew near noon, he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on thich the saw was working.

A timber fall has occurred in Wisconsin, which is estimated to be three miles in width and from sixty to ninety miles in width and from sixty to ninety miles. and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a log upon which the saw was working, with his tin-pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? O no, he could jump off at any moment, if he came too near the saw.

While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of his work, his home, and his habies, who should come up but a highest who highest working, with his tin-pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw was working, in width and from sixty to ninety miles in length. The engineers, in locating a railroad line through this mass of fallen timber, were obliged to walk on trees twenty feet from the ground. A large portion of the timber is first-class pine, and there is also considerable hard wood mixed with it.

his nose into it, as if he should say, awful muss on his clothes. But while

likely to pay dear for it.

2. That he who flings himself in a passion against anything which annoys him, will be apt to get sorely cut and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse."

that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now? "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow line."

sad when she found all her little ones taken away from her.

About the same time, a brood of nine little ducks had been left without any mother to take care of them; so what did Mop do but adopt the little ducks for her own? She would save her food for them; and when they went into the water, she would go with them. The little ducks learned to love poor Mop very much. They would jump on her back; and if any strange dog came into the yard, thinking he could catch one of the little ducks to eat, Mop would growl so that the strange dog would run off pretty well frightened.

Mop was happy in her little family; for love makes even dogs happy; and when the ducks grew up, they did not forget the friend who took care of them. Many a good time they would have swimming about in the pond, or eating their dinner together.

The Vanishing Sixpence.—Having previously stack a small piece of white

Maine's hay crop of 1873 is worth \$40,000,000. There are now fifty-two papers published in Japan.

Varieties.

Editor and Proprietor.

How many great men have been crushed before they became great.

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them. America consumes annually 6,000,000 pounds of Turkish figs in round figgers. Wrong always punishes, sooner or later, the wrongdoer. There is no es-

Mental pleasures, unlike those of the body, never cloy, and are increased by

presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

Employment is to man what oil is to nachinery; it makes the wheels of ex stence run smoothly.

Mormon husbands in Utah are said

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year; it's a little warm for whiskey hot, and a little too

ide open eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only an apple off a tree with the butt end of his gun, and went to his long home

think!"
"I shouldn't think your father and with a bullet in his insides. Coleridge, when lecturing as a young

who should come up but a Millard Bledsoe, a Missourian, of rough old bear!

Bruin smelled the goodies, and thought he would put in for a share.

So he quietly mounted the log, on the other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck doed, so that he wouldn't make such an other side of the dinner-pail side of the dinner-p

wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse."

A HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY.—There was, not long ago, a dog in England, whose family of pups were drowned, so that she was lett alone, with nothing to love. Her name was Mop; and she was very sad when she found all her little ones taken away from her.

About the same time, a broad of nine.

The employes of a large Market street house, in Philadelphia, with a view to economy, resolved to club together and have their meals prepared in the basement of the store. Amongst the members of the club was one, the compass of whose appetite had not been ganged in advance.

Imagine the consternation of the remaindance of the party when that voracions

secording to their dates. An inspection of them revealed a correspondence of a tender and romantic description, carried on during the period of the Restoration. The name of the writer was found to be Berners, and after considerable search as mong the archives of the institution, it was found that a family of that name, the second of the color of the description and the part of the time in quegition. Acting upon this clew the doctors prosecuted their inquiry, and finding that a gentleman of that name, now living, is the lineal representative of the owner of the plate and the love letters, both have been handed to him. The plate has been and the love letters, both have been handed to him. The plate has been as the love letters, both have been and the love letters, both have been and the love letters, both have been handed to him. The plate has been as the love letters, both have been handed to him. The plate has been sent to Messra Lambert, the celebrated dilversmiths, of Coventry street, London, to be cleaned, and the newly-discovered owner has permitted it to be shown to any one interested in plate of the period. The love-letters are not, however, on view.

The definition of a journalist.—A journalist is a man who spends some of the best days of his life in conferring reputation upon others and getting none himself.

The best days of his life in conferring reputation upon others and getting none himself.

Nothing elevates us so much as the

Happiness is a perfume that one can-not shed over another without a few drops falling on himself.

to be cutting down expenses, by redu-

its use is to saw big, heavy logs-the he does hit it, he attributes it to his Well, one day the man had been hard fusive influx of the fine lines of the